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Among the Indians of British Columbia

('The Christian.')

Among the most striking narratives told at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, held in New York last year, was that by Bishop Ridley, of the transformation which has taken place in thirty-five years among the Indians of British Columbia through the preaching of the Gospel. At the beginning of that period, he said, 'there was not a Christian from the tidal waters, hundreds of miles to where the rivers rise in the midst of the mountains, Now there is not a tribe or a community without its church and school and band of Christians.'

The diocese of Caledonia lies to the western portion of British North America, stretching from Alaska southward along the seaboard. Scattered over the area are about 35,000 Indians, a number of the tribes rising above all the others on the continent with respect to intellectual and material progress. When Bishop Ridley first knew the country all was different; but dangers which were faced in Christian confidence gave place before the preaching of the Gospel. On one occasion a man stepped forward from a crowd of 150, deliberately spat in Bishop Ridley's face, then knocked him down and kicked him. That very Indian afterwards took the missionary by the feet and begged his pardon, and died a triumphant Christian after witnessing a good confession.

The leader of the boldest band of pirates on that coast himself related afterwards how on one occasion he and his followers were overcome by the silent gaze of a small congregation of Christians. On a Saturday evening the heathen went in, ordered them to cease praying, tore up the Bibles, destroyed the building with axes and crowbars, and as the tower presented unexpected difficulties set fire to it. One of the younger Christians asked, 'Shall we not fight for the house of God?' to which a more experienced member replied, 'No, Jesus never fought, he died; we will die rather than fight.' Then began a change in the tribe. At his baptism one of the men said, 'From that night onward I dreaded the Spirit of God. Out on the ocean or where the snow peaks looked over the seas, there the spirit of God followed me, and I was afraid, and when I hunted among those peaks, the Spirit of God hunted me, and I was afraid.' Another man who was one day holding the end of a tape measure in the laying out of the best site in the town for a church, said, 'Bishop, do you know that hand set fire to the church, and until I heard the native preacher say that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, I never had peace in my heart.'

Bishop Ridley counts it among the greatest privileges of his life that two of the five translations of the Word of God for these Indian tribes are his handiwork. A thoughtful man said to him, 'Before you gave us the Book you threw links before us, and we picked them up, but they did not fasten us anywhere. You have given us now the chain, and it is a golden chain, binding us all together and all to God.'

The influence of contact with irreligious Europeans and Americans is most deplorable. Drunkenness spreads rapidly, and all too readily the example of loose living is copied. 'Licence to the Indians is more deadly than bondage, and the whites sink with them from our standard, more hopelessly low.' The utter heartlessness of these traders is well brought out in an incident related by Bishop Ridley, in a letter published recently in the 'Church Missionary Gleaner':—

'I was much struck with the complaint of a trader, who said the magistrate was becoming stricter of late. In one year he inflicted fines on drunken Indians amounting to £300. "But who supplied the liquor?" I asked. "The white man." The presence of the missionary has been a stimulus to the magistrate. "He takes the Indian's money from us," moaned the man. "You plied your trade," I said, "until the Indian would hunt just long enough to be able to buy drink, and then trade away his women to eke out his income to live on. You kill the goose to get at the egg quickly, and now sell less than ever legitimately, to your own

BISHOP RIDLEY.

loss." Nothing is sadder than to see these, our fellow-countrymen, unconsciously act as if thoughts of God and about their souls never come to them. Christless and reckless!'

The Bishop's pen-portraits of some of the converts include interesting and vivid touches. A group of Indians demurred to going to meet him, on account of the amount of Sabbath travelling involved, and their scruples were only removed by pointing out that Monday might also be set apart that week. On the arrival of the party, the bishop says:—

'I proceeded to examine the catechumens, tired as they were; first an old medicine-man, then his much more attractive old wife. He was a man of few words, but of deep thought. She treated him with much respect. Her face was a finer one than could have been expected among these people, and a contrast to the deeply-lined visage of the man.

'Next came a widow of about forty-five years of age, whom Mr. Palgrave regards as a saintly heroine. For years she slaved for a husband with an injured spine and an idiot son. The father died a Christian, and even the idiot showed more intelligence in religious thought than in any other thing.

'The most interesting was a younger woman who had been doctored some years ago when she was very ill. She is a pleasant and intelligent woman, and has shown as much aptitude in teaching others as in learning. She acted as interpreter with uncommon grace and ability. Like an Oriental she sat cross-legged before the person examined, and the lifting up of her eyes to heaven—such lustrous eyes—when interpreting a prayer, was a sight that reminded me of the Magdalene at the cross, one of Scheffer's lovely pictures in the Dresden Gallery. When Christ revealed to her his love, it filled her with devotion, lighting up her face with the beautiful glow that drew forth praise for the grace that works such wonders. Like most of the elderly people, the behaviour of the chief Nanook was dignified in contrast with that of the young men, who think the rude whites are the pink of perfection, and imitate them. He is a man of medium height, and, though over sixty years of age, is straight as an arrow. He lives a nomadic life. So did Abraham, noblest type of gentleman. Though his shadow never darkened porch or academy, yet no Alcibiades could behave with more grace than my vis-a-vis. He has nothing to learn as to deportment, tone, or gesture.

'My hour's interview with him was a singular pleasure and entertainment. He spoke to me as if he credited me with power to understand him, and not to the interpreter—yet he paused for her as gracefully as he spoke. He could not grin if he tried, or smirk, but smiled as graciously as a peer of the realm when trying to conciliate and engage the superior talents of a useful commoner.

'After this came, in the vernacular, a service of prayer and praise in the cabin. I could not understand it, yet I enjoyed and shared in it. It was a solemnizing thing to watch this company of about thirty souls worshipping in their tongue our glorious God. His light, apart from Nature's, had not reached them three years ago. They stand facing the same way, chanting the Te Deum and other canticles; they sing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Gentle Jesus, look on me,' both so slowly and solemnly that a new meaning supervened, adding more than ever a heavenly force and spirit to human productions. After the others had filed out, Ayediga (the interpreter) waited a brief space to thank me for saving her body from the grave (alluding to my medicine), and then sending God's men to teach her things to save her soul.

' "He taught me much before I was baptized; tell him to teach me much more now that I am within his family, that I may know how to please him. I want to know more of God's Son, Jesu Chreest. When I know what is right I shall not do the wrong. Now I am not afraid to die. God's Son makes all safe and sure." '

We quote the following poem from 'Not Myth but Miracle,' in which Dr. Ridley has preserved a metrical description of a gathering of Indians, when the chief was appealed to to suppress the lately-planted Christian faith. The lines are given as a paraphrase

of an untranslatable song sung by the poet of the tribe:—

God of the forest, God of the sea,
Builder of nations, lovest Thou me?

God of the ocean, Giver of light,
Bridle our tempests, banish our night.

Far above star-worlds Jesus is Chief,
Pouring down springtide, opening our leaf,

Spirit of Jesus, stronger than tide,
Swifter than lightning, with us abide

Silence of ages, seal up the past—
Into the boundless all of it cast.

Breathe on us summer, O rising sun;
Shorten our shadows till there be none.

Circling forever, evening forget,
Love for thy centre never to set.

A Brave Confessor.

(By the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D.)

About the month of September, 1864, I went to the beautiful city of Brousa, in order to settle some difficulties in the church over which I had a special care. I took with me Mr. Williams, the 'converted Turk,' who, under the protection of the English and Dutch embassies, had for years been unmolested.

We crossed the Sea of Marmora, about forty miles, in a crowded steamer, not less than twenty Brousa Turks being of the party. He was not to make himself known; for Brousa was a fanatical Moslem city. To my consternation I found him in the midst of the Turks on board, giving them a lecture on the points in which the Koran agrees with the four gospels. I drew him off as soon as I could and planned our escape from what I knew would follow. Landing at Moudania, there was a ride of sixteen miles to Brousa. We landed first, at some risk. I knew that the Greek Toma (Thomas) had the two fleetest of the forty horses waiting at the landing. I am no horseman, but we mounted those horses and were off long before any Turk had his mount, and we were in Brousa a full hour before any other arrival.

Our Armenian brethren felt anxious about the morrow; but we held the church meeting which had been appointed, and the difficulties were easily settled.

It was almost incredible that a Turk should be speaking the words of Jesus in Brousa, and should declare himself ready to meet the consequences, since they would be only such as his Lord should appoint.

The next day at about ten o'clock, the badvelli (pastor), Mr. Williams, and myself went to the large and fine school kept in the basement of the church. I had built this basement expressly for the school. While sitting there, I was suddenly filled with consternation by a procession passing down by the windows to the entrance of the school. It was the vali, the chief justice, and the collector of the revenue—the three highest officers of the great province of Bithynia, with a guard of sixteen soldiers.

I said to the pastor as they stopped at the door, 'invite them in, and we will show them what the school is.' After a few words with them he came back, saying, 'They wish to meet us and "our guest" in the church.' The teacher went out to conduct them into the church, and we three went right upstairs to meet them.

They were evidently gentlemen of fine presence and bearing. After all Oriental salutations had passed between us and all were seated, and again saluted, the chief justice—whom Consul Sanderson had told me was the ablest Moslem he had met with in his twenty-five years of consular duties—turning to me, said, 'I think that large book on the desk is your holy book ('Azziz Kitab'). I replied, 'It is a translation from the original languages into Armenian.' Turning to Mr. Williams, he remarked that he had read and admired the poetry of Isaiah in the Arabic. Then a spirited and interesting conversation took place between Mr. Williams and the chief justice, to which the other two officials listened with fixed attention.

At length he stopped and fired his first gun, which took our breath away. Turning full upon Mr. Williams, he said:—

'It has been my good fortune to converse with foreigners who spoke our language passably well, but I never before met with one who speaks it as you do, exactly like a Moslem born!'

'I may well so speak it,' replied Mr. Williams. 'I was a Mussulman until I was forty-five years old, when I became acquainted with the holy gospels; and I am now a Christian, a disciple of Hazaretli Isa (adorable Jesus)!'

It confounded them all. The soldiers stepped forward, but the vali's hand arrested them. The chief justice bent forward, his elbows upon his knees, and ran his beads swiftly through his hands. The vali looked straight into the air. The collector at my right, evidently a rollicking fellow, ready to burst at the utter confusion of his superiors, nudged me and hid his face from them behind me. The silence was awful. But the chief justice recovered himself. He threw himself back into an easy attitude and, with a tone of forced indifference, remarked, addressing Mr. Williams, 'There is one thing I never could understand. How can an educated man—a man of science and philosophy—believe and affirm that three are one and one is three? What is your doctrine of the Holy Trinity?'

'Your Honor is in error' replied Mr. Williams. 'That is not our doctrine of the Holy Trinity. I believe in the unity of God as earnestly as Your Honor. But in the mystery of the infinite deity there is a distinction—to us a mysterious, but yet a true distinction—which is not a separation of the unity of God, but which is manifested to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. They are not three in the same sense that they are one, because there is no division of the being or infinite nature of God.'

Many other things were said and passages in the Koran referred to. The chief justice turned to me and said, 'Do you accept the words of your friend?' I replied in the affirmative. He added, 'I now see how it is possible for an educated man to accept and defend this doctrine. But I have asked bishops, Armenian and Greek, and they have always replied, "It is a holy mystery; it is not for us to explain it."' Some uncomplimentary remarks about the bishops followed and conversation became general.

After a little while, all restraint being thrown off, the vali rose to take leave, ordering the soldiers to retire and wait. Now came the final test. Turkish etiquette has a way of measuring respect, or the want of it, in leave-taking. The three officials first saluted me, as they would any person, in a friendly manner. They did the same to the native pastor—a rayah—and without the least trimming whatever. But next came the renegade whose life was forfeited. Would they pass him with a sneer? Each one—the vali of Bithyna, the astute and learned chief justice, and the collector—bowed down and gave him the salutation of honor!

When all had retired and we were left standing in amazement, I said to Mr. Williams, 'How do you understand this? "The hand of Jesus was upon them," he replied; 'the hand of Hazaretli Isa.'

These officials had doubtless concocted an entirely different programme, which was upset by Mr. Williams's unexpected and astonishing confession; and the acute chief justice gave it the turn he did. It may be that the salutation was out of respect to his courage. The next day we left Brousa, and it was well we did.

The Fountain with the Cup.

(Gerard B. F. Hallock, in 'N. Y. Observer.')

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside and hung a cup near by with a little chain. He was told afterward that a great art critic had found much fault with the design of his fountain. 'But,' he asked, 'do many persons drink at it?' Then they told him that thousands of poor people, men, women and children, slaked their thirst at his fountain, He smiled and said that he was little troubled by the critic's observations. He only added a hope that on some sultry summer day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

The Bible is the fountain with the cup. Just now there seems to be an unusual number of critics. Some friends of the fountain seem to fear lest confidence be shaken and its honor decreased. But we may be sure of this that from the standpoint of its munificent designer the only question is, 'Do many persons drink at it?' and that God, the giver of the fountain, is satisfied with the knowledge that increasing multitudes of earth's weary, wistful souls are slaking their thirst from its life-giving flow. The book is its own best witness and defence. It carries its own power to bless, as does water to the famishing. With the doubting, the indifferent, the distrustful, our troubles are well-nigh over when we once get them to put the Bible to the practical test of experience. The book has a way of evidencing itself. It carries its own inherent power to convince. No one need fear for it. It has survived many previous attempts to set it aside, to lower the measure of its meaning, its inspiration, its authority, and it will do so again. Let none of those who love it, who read it as God's Word, who bow to its decisions as to doctrines and duty, for one moment fear that it will lose one particle of its life-giving power. God will take care of His own book. 'The Word of the Lord is tried.' It has stood and will stand every test, and will continue to commend itself alike to men's hearts and to their reason. Our best act will ever be in trying to lead people to put it to the test of personal appropriation. Let us take the thirsty ones to the fountain, place the cup in their hands and invite them to 'taste and see.' This is our work. Let us do it, and the water of life will evidence itself to each thirsty soul.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 8, Sun.—I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.

Sept. 9, Mon.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

Sept. 10, Tues.—What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

Sept. 11, Wed.—Trust in him at all times; ye people.

Sept. 12, Thur.—Thy lovingkindness is better than life.

Sept. 13, Fri.—O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Sept. 14, Sat.—If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.

BOYS AND GIRLS

"NAY, I LIKE TO HEAR THEM" SAID SHE.

Mrs. Tucker's Way.

(Florence E. Burch, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'How I make 'em mind?'

'Eh, but I never hear the din inside your house that I used when I lived next door to Mrs. James.'

Mrs. Tucker laughed. Her six children were all in bed, and she had been helping her neighbour to store her potatoes in the barn. The work being finished, Mrs. Blaikie had insisted on her having a snack before returning home. But as Mrs. Tucker refused to go into the house, her neighbor had brought it into the barn.

'I thought they made din enough,' was the reply; 'in fact, I've wondered more than once if they were an annoyance to a quiet-living person like you.' Mrs. Blaikie shook her head.

'Nay; I like to hear them,' said she; and Mrs. Tucker, looking up at that minute, caught a wistful expression on the stern Scotch features.

She had always thought of Mrs. Blaikie as one of those selfish, straight-laced people who prefer a tidy house before anything, even though it must be empty of what the true woman counts home's greatest treasures. But that wistful look meant something entirely different.

Mrs. Tucker little knew how often, when the house was quiet for the night, her lonely, childless neighbor had knelt and said 'O Lord, thy will is always best. Perhaps thou sawest that I was not fitted for such work.'

'But those bairns o' Mrs. James,' she went on presently—' 'twas fair terrible! It was scream and scold from morn till night; and them skirling and greeting'—screaming and crying, she meant—'poor bairns, until your heart fair ached. Yet for all she said she couldna make them mind.'

Mrs. Tucker shook her head.

'A rough word and a slap may come handiest sometimes,' said she, 'and I won't say but what a slap may be a thing of necessity sometimes, but not often, and never a rough word.

'My husband and me,' she went on, 'we used to talk it over, when our firstborn lay in the cradle there, him rocking whilst I stitched or darned, and we came to the conclusion that what God had given him to us for was to bring him up good, not to punish him for being naughty. And that's the plan I've always tried to go upon.

'Ses John to me, "If I was jes' to keep on weedin, and weedin' all the time, I shouldn't get no flowers nor vegetables. What I must do, is, I must plant. Not but what there'll be a share o' weeding, too, But where a flower's taken root, a weed can't take root, too."

'And John says,' she continued, 'it's what we're coming to see, more and more, with our criminals, that, instead of "executing justice on them," as they say, we've got to help 'em up out of their crime, and make honest men of 'em again, training up the young meanwhile in such love of right that they won't see anything to desire in evil ways. But, after all, there is nothing but religion for it. "Follow me," was what the Saviour said; and how can any love the wrong who have their eyes on him?'

Neighbor Thomson's Dream

(Ellen A. Lutz, in 'Michigan advocate.')

When the clock struck nine, Neighbor Thompson folded his paper smoothly and laid it aside; then drawing the family Bible toward him he opened it at the place where a worn and faded book-marker was keeping charge over the chapter for the next devotional service. He turned back the ribbon to look at the symbol of the cross, wrought in the time-worn card by the fingers of his only daughter, whose pulseless hands had long been folded under a carefully-tended mound in the church-yard. As he read the legend, 'Merry Christmas to papa, from Bessie,' he breathed a sigh, partly of sorrow and partly of resignation, for Neighbor Thomson had a loving heart, although he bowed submissively under the chastening rod.

Mother Thomson was 'pattering about,' ejecting the cat, setting the batter cakes, and getting her household affairs in order for the night. As she went to and fro she was humming a verse of an old song which she had heard her grandmother sing:

'The richest man I ever knew was one that
begged the most,
His soul was filled with glory and with the
Holy Ghost,
And to begging I will go.'

Neighbor Thomson took off his 'near,' steel-bowed spectacles to watch his wife moving about, and noting the words of her carol he said, 'That will do for a song, mother, but how would you like to have to beg in earnest, like an old lady I saw at the corners to-day; she had been robbed of her pocket-book, and was trying to get money enough to carry her on about a hundred miles farther where she had a son living.'

'Poor thing,' remarked Mrs. Thomson, 'I hope she got enough to take her through; I know you helped her, Stephen, and that was the reason you didn't get the new hat you needed for the Lord's Day.'

Her husband smiled and answered equivocally: 'She was old and feeble, and I could not help thinking, what if it were you, Abby, reduced to such straits ? Yes, she got enough to pay her fare. I hope her son will be able to do well by her. Now, mother, if you are ready,' and the 'near' spectacles were adjusted preparatory to the evening sacrifice upon the family altar, after which they retired, each with peaceful heart and conscience void of offense.

Neighbor Thomson did not immediately fall asleep, as was usual. A line of the old song haunted him, mingled with a pitiful clause of the unfortunate traveller's story: 'I am not a beggar, believe me,' she had said with tears in her eyes, 'only one of the Lord's poor'; and Neighbor Thomson could but wonder why the Lord's poor were sometimes reduced to such dismal straits. There was Father Hoover, old and crippled, who had outlived all his family except a great-granddaughter. Neighbor Thomson had taken some creature-comfort to his dilapidated hut, which scarcely kept out the cold and wet, and had seen there the little Bessie, a chubby child about four years old, who was hugging a fat puppy in her arms, while with a child's lisp, but the sweetest of voices, she sang a little song about the love of Jesus.

When he spoke to her she held up her rosy lips to be kissed, and his tender heart went out to her. A pair of shoes to clothe her little bare feet had taken part of the money which was intended to renew his own worn head covering, and he consoled himself by saying, 'It's all right, my old hat is good enough to wear along the road and I don't keep it on in church any way.'

Tired with the vain endeavor to solve the problem of divine providence, which has worsted so many wise people, Neighbor Thomson finally fell asleep, but woke with a great start from a strange dream. He rose from his couch and turned to look at the clock, which showed a few minutes past twelve. He went to the door and looked out, as if expecting a messenger. Nothing was moving along the road; even the stock-yard gave no sign of life, only the moon sailing in a sea of blue, seemed to look sad, as if it too was wondering at the strange conflict of life upon the greater planet.

He returned to his bed, and falling asleep dreamed again the singular dream which had roused him before. He became nervously restless, and called softly to 'mother,' wishing that she would waken and sympathize with him.

'What is wrong, Stephen?' she asked, surprised to see him standing before the bed.

'I've had a queer dream, mother,' he said, 'and it worries me. An angel was riding

along the road on a white horse, blowing a trumpet. I went to the door—in my dream—and the angel called out in a loud, clear voice, 'The richest man in Lincoln township is to die to-night, and I am sent to carry him home; come with me; you are wanted.' I was so sure of the summons, that I went to the door to look for the messenger; then I came back to bed and dreamed the same dream over again. It isn't half an hour since I was up before; what does it mean?'

'What were you thinking about when you went to sleep?' asked Mrs. Thomson.

'Thinking about?' returned her husband. 'Why, of the song you were singing about the richest man who begged the most, and the woman I saw at the station, and—'

'That's it,' interrupted Mrs. Thomson. 'It was running in your mind; dreams don't amount to much anyway, you'd better come back to bed, you'll take cold and get neuralgia.'

So Neighbor Thomson laid himself down once more and soon fell asleep. His nap did not last long, and he fairly jumped to the floor saying in an excited tone, 'Mother, I've had that dream the third time; it must mean something; tell me what to do.'

'The richest man in Lincoln township must be Farnam, and if its Farnam he don't need us,' mused Mrs. Thomson, who was now thoroughly roused, and as interested as her husband. 'But we might as well get dressed and be ready for anything; you said that Hoover didn't seem well yesterday; perhaps we'd better go over there; they say that dreams go by contraries and he is certainly the poorest man in the township.'

'Well, I don't know what an angel might think about that,' returned her husband. 'If ever there was a devoted Christian, Hoover is one, and he must have an immense amount of treasure laid up in heaven.'

Neighbor Thomson and his good wife were soon at the home of Father Hoover, whom they found sitting in the open doorway gasping for breath.

'I thought someone might be passing, and I could call to them,' he managed to articulate, 'but I called upon the Lord.'

'We're His messengers,' returned Neighbor Thomson, reverently, as he lifted the suffering man in his strong arms and laid him upon the bed. They ministered to him with experienced hands, but it was plain that his hours were numbered. He realized it also, and said with slow, gasping breaths: 'My race is run, I have finished my course; one thing more I have desired of the Lord; that He would show me some token of a home for my little Bessie. But He is able for all things. I leave her in His care. My dear little Bessie.'

The child had wakened, and hearing her name repeated, came running to the bed.

'I will sing you to sleep, grandpa,' she said, and in a clear, sweet voice she began to sing her little song about the love of Jesus.

'Do not be disturbed about Bessie,' said Neighbor Thomson. 'I think we have been sent here to take her as a legacy from the Lord. She shall be to us as our own Bessie, who died so long ago.'

Death shadows gathered on the aged face, and with eyes resting fondly on the child, breathing faintly, 'Lord, I thank Thee,' the soul of Father Hoover passed from the frail tenement of clay, returning to God who gave it. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'

With reverent hands Neighbor Thomson closed the dimmed eyes and straightened the cramped limbs, saying to his wife in an awe-struck voice: 'Abby, I feel like taking off my shoes as Moses did before the burning bush. Truly God is in this place.' And she made answer: 'He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. I always did believe in special providences, and it has all been such a wonderful leading. I feel as if I had my own little Bessie back again,' and she pressed the sleeping child closer in her arms.

After a long life spent in consecrated service, where faith and patience had their perfect work, no doubt Father Hoover was a very rich man in the coin current in celestial realms and Neighbor Thomson's dream, concerning which he was wont to say, 'This is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes,' was fulfilled in the spirit.

The little orphan Bessie, taken to the hearts and home of the Thomsons, became the joy and comfort of their declining years, while her sweet voice, singing of the love of Jesus, echoed through the rooms of the old farm house, and was a welcome addition to any gathering of God's people.

A Florida Victory

(By Mrs. Ethel Perkins Crippen, in the 'Methodist Magazine.')

In the little town of Cedar, in the southern part of Florida, stood a church whose builders evidently intended making a very neat affair, as Florida churches go, but all the finishing touches had apparently been indefinitely postponed.

Hence the somewhat weather-beaten exterior showed no sign of paint: the church, raised on its brick piers, was innocent of latticework or other device to prevent the hogs from utilizing the cool, breezy space underneath the church for their noontide siestas; and a peep inside showed it to be unceiled, with no cushions on the seats, and the floor bare, save for a single strip of matting down the centre aisle.

Three years previously, this little town had been visited by the Presiding Elder, who considered it a promising field, and forthwith sent an enthusiastic minister to establish a work which immediately proved successful.

A genuine revival brought into the church quite a number of young people, who gave up their cards and dancing, and joined with a hearty good will in all the church work.

It was during the latter part of this first successful year that the church edifice was begun. But before its completion, Conference convened, and sent, in place of the pastor they had learned to love so dearly, an elderly minister, much broken in health, who hoped by a year or two in the balmy Southern air, to regain strength to return to the pastorate which he had left with many regrets.

The good people of Cedar soon discovered that he was also much broken in spirit by a wife whose ambition and 'broad views' left little room for spirituality.

Under her leadership, the young folks soon drifted back to their card parties and dances. Also, certain who had, in their first simple faith and consecration, decided that their Master would be better pleased with their original complexions than with the improvements they were wont to indulge in, again visited the drug store and returned with little round boxes, and on Sunday morning spent half an hour before the mirror, deciding just how deep a blush would be most becoming in contrast with their 'lily-white' complexions.

Strange to say, all this 'relaxing of too strict views' did not result in the conversion of a single soul, and the only accession to the church for two years had been Prof. Marsh's daughter, who put her letter in the church the second Sunday after their arrival. Prof. Marsh had come south to regain health and strength to continue his tireless researches in science. He had settled with his daughter in a cottage almost hidden from sight in a grove of small pines. The ground was carpeted with the pine needles, which were left undisturbed, except for a space on the shady side of the house where Hope soon had a garden of roses started. Near the gate stood two tall palms like sentinels, their stiffness relieved by the yellow jessamine vines which twined around the bare trunks for twenty feet and then hung in gre... masses from the palm leaves. In the spring time the lovely blossoms waved a fragrant greeting to the passer-by.

Hope soon discovered that the children of Cedar were left very much to their own devices, and through her influence the Sunday-school, which had dwindled to a mere handful, grew till nearly every child in the town was a regular attendant. This was due largely to Hope's personal influence. She dearly loved children, and in some way made a confidential friend of every child she met. She knew just how many chickens Willie Basset owned. Learning from Susie Graham that she could make bread, she put in a plea for a sample loaf, which was presented with much pride by the smiling Susie, and she listened with sympathetic attention when Grace Wilber related in strictest confidence how she was putting tea on her baby brother's hair to make it curly.

For seven months now the little church had been without a pastor, since Brother Black had slipped away to a land where his feet would never lag in weariness when on the King's business. His wife had immediately returned north, and the only service held in the church was the Sunday-school, which was kept up by the tireless, patient efforts of Hope Marsh. Now word came that a young man from Ohio was coming to take charge of the work as soon as he had finished a post-graduate course which he was taking.

'What is the matter with him?' queried Margaret Burr, when she first heard the news.

'Matter! Why?' asked Hope Marsh, in a puzzled way.

'Oh! I mean has he bronchitis, or rheumatism, or nervous prostration? There is always something wrong, you know, with the ministers who come down here.'

'Girls, just think, he isn't married!' cried Judith Merrit.

'No use for you to set your cap, Judith, you'll never do for a minister's wife. You know you are always up to some trick,' retorted Margaret.

'But say, girls! You know his spirits will fall fifteen below zero when he sees that church,' was Nell Bird's remark, which caused a moment's silence.

'Your chilling remark has set me to thinking—' began Margaret.

'Kindly supply a few more "chilling" remarks for Margaret's benefit,' suggested Judith.

'And I think,' continued Margaret, 'we had better do something.'

'Of course doing something means an ice-cream festival or a bazaar. Which shall it be? Let's have the ice cream! I can eat four dishes; at least I can eat enough to make Ned or Charley pay for them.'

'Now, you know,' said Judith, 'that if we are going to make enough money to make that church presentable, we must have something more novel and attractive than ice-cream or crocheted tidies, or anything else we have ever had in this hum-drum, old church.'

'Let us do something right away, before the winter visitors go back North with their nice, fat purses,' said Nell.

'I have a plan in my head,' announced Judith, 'but I haven't time now to unfold it in all its brilliancy. However, if you'll promise not to rake up any old fogy notions about the stage, and so forth, I'll guarantee I can get up a programme that we can make lots of money out of.'

'You go ahead, Judith,' said Margaret, 'We'll silence the old fogies.'

The girls separated after a few laughing remarks, and not one of them dreamed of the burden which had descended on Hope Marsh's heart. How she longed to see the church nicely finished! How often she had wished that these same girls might turn their energies in this direction! But now —what were they going to do?

Slowly and thoughtfully she went her way and sought her chamber to talk over this trouble with the dear Saviour. She saw how powerless she was to show the girls their error. She would only be laughingly called 'old-fashioned,' and be 'left out' more than ever from all their planning. Surely the Holy Spirit alone could reach their hearts and enlighten them. Long she knelt in earnest prayer, and before she arose she had in her heart the assurance that in some way God would answer her petition.

Next morning at the post-office she met Nell Bird, and as they started away together Nell brought up the subject.

'I saw Judith last night,' she said, 'and she told me more about her plan for raising money for the church, and while I am not sure there is anything wrong about it, still I am a little troubled.'

Hope answered quietly, 'I think we should put all doubtful questions to the test by asking "Would Jesus do it?" Now, do you honestly think that Jesus would take part in an entertainment such as Judith is planning?'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Nell, in a shocked voice.

'Can you tell me something about her plans?' asked Hope, after a moment's silence.

'Certainly; it's no secret. Judith has talked it over with her mother, and they will throw the hall, music-room and library into one, by opening the triple folding-doors and looping up the portières. Then Mrs. Merrit's bed-room can easily be arranged as a stage, and in this way over a hundred people can be seated comfortably. You know that farce Judith saw when she was at Ashville last summer?'

'I remember that she was very much amused by it,' Hope answered, 'but I did not hear her describe it.'

'She described it to me and it is comical, though not as refined as might be in some places. However, the girls are delighted with it, and she has sent for it. The rehearsals are to begin as soon as the copies arrive. Then there is something about the girls being draped in sheets to conceal their identity, and auctioned off to the highest bidder. Judith didn't explain that to me, and I don't know what is to follow the auction. They are to be coupled off in that way for something, I don't know what. But the truth is, I don't feel right about the thing, and I don't believe I'll take part,' Nell concluded, with a troubled little sigh.

'Nell, are you in any hurry?' Hope suddenly asked. 'Because, if you are not, why can't we go and see Mrs. Swift, and talk it all over with her?'

Nell gave ready assent, and they walked briskly along till they reached the beautiful home by the lake where Mrs. Swift, a hopeless invalid, was tenderly cared for by her nephew and his wife, who thought nothing too good for one who so cheerfully bore her suffering and inactivity. The girls were assured that she was stronger than usual, and were shown to her room. It was during that quiet, searching talk, and during the earnest prayer that followed, that these two girls gave their lives fully into the keeping of the Master, to do and to be whatever he showed them was his will for them.

After a few minutes of silent prayer for guidance, they rose from their knees to discuss and decide the wisest way to stop the entertainment which they felt so sure would grieve the Saviour and hinder instead of help the true upbuilding of his church. Mrs. Swift soon settled the question as she said: 'It seems to me, my dear girls, that any discussion of this matter with those who are most interested in it would only rouse antagonism and ridicule.'

'That is what we both feel,' said Hope.

'Now, I suggest,' continued Mrs. Swift, 'that we leave any action in the matter for a few days (unless we should have some special opportunity), and meantime, that we meet here in my room for an hour every morning to pray for those who are chiefly concerned. The blessed Holy Spirit can reach and soften hearts where our words might only wound or harden.'

This was immediately decided upon, and fearing lest they should tire the invalid by further talk, they took their leave, feeling that their earnest prayers would be used of God in reaching and enlightening the hearts of these friends.

All through that week, each morning found them together, pleading for the souls of the young people who had once loved the Saviour, but had gone so far away. Especially did they pray for Judith Merrit, who, gay and apparently thoughtless as she was, would be such a power for good if only she could be 'born again.' Eight times they had met in the room, which was growing so sacred to them, and when they rose from prayer that Monday morning Nell said, with awe and wonder in her voice: 'It is so strange, but I feel sure, sure that Judith will soon be saved.'

'Let us thank God for this assurance,' said Mrs. Smith softly, and with bowed heads they listened and joined in the prayer of praise for the victory soon to be theirs.

The next morning as they reached the gate they met Judith, who said gaily: 'You two girls go to see Mrs. Swift every morning, I do believe. You look as though you had a pretty good time. What do you do? Have you formed some secret society?'

'We have a prayer-meeting here every morning,' Hope answered simply.

'A prayer-meeting here every morning!' Judith echoed, her face becoming very serious; then with a sudden wistfulness she asked: 'May I go with you this morning?'

'Yes, dear.' Nell kissed her very tenderly as she said it, with glad tears in her eyes.

No other word was spoken as the trio passed up the walk and knocked at the door. As Mrs. Swift took Judith's hand, she said: —'I am very glad you have come, dear.'

Judith looked questioningly at each of them as the little meeting was opened in the usual way. They all knelt and Mrs. Swift prayed. No names were mentioned now, but the prayer was so simple and direct that they were all brought into the very presence of the Father. When she closed there was a moment's pause, then Judith's voice broke the silence, low but so intense in its grief that Nell and Hope sobbed in sympathy.

'Oh, God!' she prayed, 'I have sinned against thee! I have ridiculed those who were thy true followers! I have led away some into worldliness and sin! I have been selfish! Oh, I have been altogether sinful! For days I have been burdened with guilt, till it is more than I can bear. Father, forgive me!'

Her voice ceased, and the girls, kneeling each side with their arms about her, prayed in broken voices that Jesus would send light and joy into her soul. And the light came. Oh, yes! It filled her soul so full that she cried for very joy. That little meeting will never be forgotten by those four. Judith urged that they all ought to testify. 'I have done so much to draw others away from Christ that I must begin right away to tell of my mistake and of Jesus's wonderful love and pardon,' she said.

So it was that a prayer-meeting was appointed for the next night, with Judith Merrit for leader. This created a bigger sensation in town than could have been produced by any farce ever written. Every one laughed when they heard it. What in the world did it mean? It seemed so incongruous! What kind of a prayer-meeting would it be with Judith Merrit for leader?

Judith spent much of the day alone in quiet communion with her new found Friend. None of the girls sought her to question. Perhaps their own thoughts had been troubled enough during the last week to give them some clue to her motives.

When Judith arrived at the church at the appointed time, she found it nearly full, and quietly taking her place she opened with a song, asking her father, who was present, to lead in prayer.

Then she rose, and every eye in the room was fastened on her as she began to speak. Her cheeks were crimson, but her voice did not falter as she told of the plan for raising money to finish the church, of the little prayer-meeting at Mrs. Swift's, and of her own conversion. Then she made a direct appeal to the people. Taking her own life as an example, she showed how the real church had become a mere shell of formality and was in peril. Dangers pressed on every side and soon Christ's Church would be past rebuilding. She closed her appeal with the words of Nehemiah: 'Ye see the distress we are in; how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burnt with fire; come and let us build up the walls of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach.' She sat down, and as she did so, Dr. Burr arose. '"The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we, his servants, will arise and build!" Let us pray,' he said, and as his prayer ascended to the throne of grace the Holy Spirit came in power, and every heart was touched. No need to invite others to pray. As one after another prayed for forgiveness and the renewal of God's favor, how God's presence filled the house! At the close of that blessed season of prayer Judith slipped to Dr. Burr's side and requested him to take charge of the meeting. The testimonies were brief and to the point. As Dr. Burr was about to close the meeting, Fred Park, who had not spoken, jumped to his feet.

'I want to make a sacrifice unto the Lord before this meeting closes, for the wonderful way in which he has blessed me tonight. I want to give $15 toward improvements on the church building. (I don't need that boat, anyway!') he concluded in an undertone, as he sat down. Judith, sitting near, caught the last remark, and as she rose, cast an amused glance in his direction, as she said: 'I don't need a guitar, anyway, so you can put my name down for $10.'

That started it, and before the meeting finally adjourned, half an hour later, all the requisite funds were raised, and a committee appointed to take charge of the proposed improvements.

Such busy, happy weeks followed. Six weeks before the minister was to come! What would not be accomplished in six weeks when every one was so ready to help? Margaret started the word around that no one was to write the Presiding Elder or the new minister 'of the fact that we have come to our senses. Let us keep it a secret until he comes,' she said. This added enthusiasm to the workers.

The artificial roses disappeared from Judith's cheeks, but in their place came real roses, painted by the wind and the sun and the fresh pure air in her brisk walks. For there was much running back and forth and discussing of plans, and Judith was the busiest and the gayest. No difficulty was too hard for her quick brain to see the solution.

The church improvements were the talk of the town.

'Church got on a boom, ain't it?' remarked one laborer to another, as they trudged home with their axes over their shoulders.

'Time it did!' the other replied.

'Where'd they get the money to do all th' fixin'? I ain't heared o' no church festival, nor nothin',' the first queried.

'They jus' guv it!' the other responded, impressively.

'"Jus' guv' it,"' echoed the first, incredulously. Then, after a few moments' silent consideration of the subject, he remarked, with conviction: 'That's the first time the likes o' that was ever dun in this 'ere town!'

When it was first mentioned, even the most hopeful looked dubious over the idea of a new organ. 'We can't do it!' they all agreed. But when the bills began to come in with a credit of several dollars on each, they grew hopeful. And when Brown, the colored drayman, refused payment altogether, they grew still more hopeful. When they asked him for his bill he said, 'No, I ain't agwine ax yo' nuffin' for what I'se did. I'se always glad to help de cause ob de Lawd. We'se all servin' de same Mastah.' The hearty thanks which he received made the old man's face shine as he turned to go to his humble home.

If they only had another $30 they could get the coveted new organ. But from where was another $30 to come?

'We can't give it, so let's ask the Lord to send it,' suggested Hope. This four or five of them agreed to do, and the prayer was answered in a most unexpected way. They had made the agreement on Tuesday afternoon, and on Thursday morning a note was handed to Judith, asking her to come to the hotel for a few moments, as soon as convenient. Half an hour later she was in the hotel parlor with $35 in her hand listening to Mrs. Beech's explanation.

'We wanted to help you out, but were at a loss to know just how to do it, till Mrs. Snow suggested that she and I call the people together and sing some of the duets we have sung in our choir in Boston. This we did, and after the singing we took up a collection to help you out.'

And so, the Friday before the min'ster was to come, the organ arrived in time for the last choir rehearsal. The boys went early on Saturday morning to a hummock where palms, magnolias and grey hanging-moss grew in great profusion, and when they returned, it was with abundant material for decoration. Hope's roses bloomed gloriously, and on Saturday afternoon, after three hours' hard work, the girls surveyed the artistic decorations of palms, magnolias, moss, yellow jessamine, ferns and roses with entire satisfaction.

The Rev. David Heartsome arrived late on Saturday night. He had courteously refused an invitation which Dr. Burr sent him to be entertained at their home, as he wanted as much time as possible to himself to prepare for the Sunday morning service. The Presiding Elder, with whom he had spent two hours en route, had prepared him for the cool reception he would be likely to receive, for the dilapidated church in which he would have to preach, and had even made mention of the pigs, with their uncanny grunts interrupting the service. Oh, yes, he was fully prepared for all the difficulties of the situation. On Sunday morning Dr. Burr called at the hotel and accompanied him to the church.

'Now, what do you think of our church?' asked Dr. Burr, as they came in sight of it, with its pretty, fresh paint, and the neat fence that surrounded it, and heard the sweet-toned bell toll forth its invitation to worship.

David Heartstone stopped in amazement. 'What does it mean?' he asked, quickly.

'It means a great deal,' Dr. Burr answered, reverently. 'It means that God's people in this place have turned again from worshipping their idols.' And he briefly recounted the events of the last few weeks.

When they entered the house of God the minister's face was full of glory, so full that it overflowed into the hearts of the people as he stood before them.

The hearts of the singers somehow got mixed up with their voices as they sang the anthem:

'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord,
For He is good,
For His mercy endureth forever.'

The minister's notes were entirely forgotten that morning as he talked to the people; and before they sang the Doxology, he knew that the work of the year would be a success, for his heart and the hearts of the people were one with God.

Judged by One Act.

(By Miss Aimee A. Tunstall, in the New York 'Observer.')

It was Sunday morning, and the streets were thronged with beautifully dressed people on their way to the House of God. Seated in the pulpit of one of the beautiful churches of the city, was the pastor, a grave-faced young man, possibly thirty-three years of age. It was too early for the congregation to assemble, and with the exception of the sexton and an old lady, who was seated in one of the best pews, directly in front of the pulpit, the church was unoccupied.

The old lady was evidently a stranger as was shown by the way that she glanced about the church, and bestowed an occasional nod of approval on the young clergyman, whenever she caught his eye. He was going over the notes of his sermon, but now and then his eyes rested on the aged pilgrim down in the pew, and as he smiled at her, his face changed from its habitual gravity to one of great tenderness.

Slowly the great church filled up with well dressed worshippers, and a beautiful voluntary filled the edifice with its sweet tones. A little later than the rest came the fashionable Mrs. Allaire and her daughter, Isabelle. Every one in the congregation knew that Cyril Westervelt (the pastor, who had only been with them about six months), had always shown a decided preference for Isabelle Allaire.

Many wondered if he knew the proud haughty spirit that dwelt beneath that gentle, smiling exterior. It was true that he had grown to love Isabelle, for the virtues that he believed she possessed; but none knew that he had decided to wait until his mother should come to visit him, before asking Isabelle to be his wife.

He decided to tell his mother of his love and let her judge if Isabelle was inwardly what she professed in his presence to be outwardly; for the young man was no fool, and he realized that many young ministers were deceived by a false show of religion in a young girl. As Mrs. Allaire, preceded by her daughter, came rustling up the aisle, they found to their astonishment that their pew was occupied by an old lady, plainly attired in black. Anger was depicted on the face of both. However, there was nothing to do but to occupy their pew also. After they were seated, Isabelle, under cover of the music and singing said in icy tones:

'Madam, will you kindly tell me which usher conducted you to this seat, as we have given orders that no stranger was to occupy our pew?'

The old lady turned a refined face to her questioner, as she answered: 'I was here before any of the ushers came, so none are to blame for the mistake.'

'If that is the case it is no wonder that you selected the best pew in the church,' Isabelle retorted angrily.

The kind old face flushed, and the gentle voice struggled to keep itself steady, as she made answer: 'If you would prefer me to leave the pew, I will gladly do so?'

'Oh, no, you need not do that, it would only make you more conspicuous.'

Then the first hymn was announced; Mrs. Allaire possessed herself of one hymn book and her daughter of the other, leaving the stranger none; but as the tune was an old one, she sang in a sweet treble, which quavered slightly, causing Miss Allaire's lip to curl in disdain. Then the sermon began; every word was attentively listened to by all of the congregation. The sermon that morning was to the worldly-minded, and the text was an unusual one: 'Ye have not the love of God in you.' It was an earnest appeal to turn from the things of the world and to seek after righteousness.

When the last hymn had been sung and the benediction pronounced, many remained to speak a word to the pastor, among these were the Allaires. Isabelle spoke again to her neighbor, telling her that she was at liberty to pass out, as they desired to speak to the minister.

'I should like to speak to him also,' she said quietly.

Isabelle smiled scornfully as she said, 'No doubt he will be highly flattered.'

Just then Mr. Westervelt came down from the pulpit and walked straight to Mrs. Allaire, and said smilingly:

'Mrs. Allaire, allow me to introduce Miss Isabelle and yourself to my dearly beloved mother. We came to church early this morning, so I placed her in your pew, as I desired her to meet you before the rest of my congregation.' Then followed an introduction, that was rather embarrassing to at least two of the parties.

Mrs. Westervelt then said: 'I arrived late last evening and my trunk has been delayed somewhere on the road, as it has not arrived yet, but my son insisted that I should come just as I was,' glancing down at the dress which really appeared shabby compared with the gay dresses of the others.

'Yes, I told her that fine feathers did not make fine birds,' he laughed, unconsciously giving a little thrust that went home to both mother and daughter. Cyril then presented his mother to several of his congregation, and many commented upon the fact that she had been seated wtih the Allaires.

The moment they were alone Cyril asked

his mother her opinion of Miss Allaire. He was hardly prepared for the account which she promptly gave; which had the effect of killing his love (either real or fancied) for the young lady. Five years later Cyril Westervelt, still unmarried, offered himself as a missionary to China, having buried his mother two years before.

John Huss

(By E. Payson Hammond, in the 'Faithful Witness.')

You will be interested in hearing something of our visit to the place where John Huss was burned to death. We first saw the large hall in which the Council of Constance was held for four years. It was conducted by four hundred of the learned men of Europe, including emperors, bishops, popes, and cardinals.

Strange it seems that such men should have condemned an earnest Christian to be cruelly put to death, but certainly it is no more strange than that our blessed Lord should have been crucified by those who had seen his holy life day by day.

The hall was built five hundred years ago, about the time John Huss was born. On its walls are beautiful paintings, some of them describing scenes in the lives of the martyrs. The emperor had sent Huss a passport, promising him safety as he passed to and from the Council. On his way thither great crowds thronged the towns and cities to meet him; some because they loved him and the truths he preached; others out of curiosity and hatred.

But as soon as he reached Constance he was arrested and cast into a dark, filthy prison. In the day time he was loaded with fetters so that he could scarcely move. Every night he was fastened to a ring in the wall. When the pope and the council were asked to release him they said, 'Faith is not kept with heretics.'

The cathedral of Constance was founded more than eight hundred years ago. It was in this church John Huss was condemned to be burned. We stood on the spot where he received his sentence. It is marked by a brass plate. He received it calmly as if listening to some angel who was saying, 'Fear not, I am with thee, and will soon take thee to thy beautiful home in heaven.' He then knelt and offered his prayer, saying: 'May thy mercy, O my God, pardon this injustice of mine enemies. Thou knowest how deformed with crime I have been represented; yet O my God, avenge not my wrong.'

This reminds us of the prayer of Christ as he hung on the cross: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' This should have melted the hearts of the enemies of Huss: but no, they were the more furious. They put a paper cap on his head, on which was painted in large letters, Ringleader of Heretics. This, instead of making him angry, rather led him to pity those who were so blind. He could love his enemies; can you do so? If so, then you have a Christlike spirit, and may be truly called a Christian.

Huss then turned to the crowd of people present, and spoke to them in a most earnest manner. He said, 'You know well I have never taught any of those things of which I have been accused.' He told them he was willing to die rather than deny the great truths of salvation which he had preached to them.

The bishops then delivered him over to the emperor. His books were burned at the gate of the church, and he was put into a large cart (which is still preserved in the museum, and in which I was permitted to sit), and then taken about half a mile from the cathedral outside the city, to be burned to death. On reaching the place, he sang several hymns, and at last he looked up to heaven saying, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit.' He was then chained to an iron stake; and while they were fastening the chain about his neck, he said with a smiling countenance, 'My Lord Jesus was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; then why should I be ashamed of this old rusty one?' As the faggots were piled around him, the Duke of Bavaria begged him to deny the Bible truths he had taught. 'No, I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I have taught with my lips I now seal with my blood.' As soon as the fire began to burn, Huss burst forth in a song of praise. His cheerful voice rose above the crackling of the wood and the noise of the great crowd which witnessed his triumphant death.

Those who suffered martyrdom are sometimes called 'confessors,' because they confess their love for Christ by dying for him; they bear witness to his saving power. The Lord can say of such, 'Ye are my witnesses.' In all ages there have been those who rather than deny Jesus have been willing to suffer death. So now they wear the crown of life. They learned by experience the meaning of that verse in Matt. v., 10, 'Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

The Story of Old.

(Written on the banks of Niagara River.)

They come to me still, the sweet stories of old
That I learned at my loved mother's knee,
Of the dear Lord Himself, and His wonderful life
By the shores of the dear Galilee,
And fancy I still see His beautiful face—
For, oh! He was lovely to see;
The fairest among ten thousand, they said,
This youth of Galilee.

That wonderful story of Bethlehem's plains
Of the angel's song—and the fright
Of the shepherds, who saw the Star in the sky
As they watched their flocks by night;
Of the lullaby song, and the manger bed,
Because of no room in the inn;
Of the three wise men, who came from the east,
With their offerings, to worship Him.

Tell me again the sweet story of old,
Of how He walked on the sea,—
How He took the children in His arms and said:
Let the little ones come unto Me.
How He healed the sick, and raised the dead,
And the blind were made to see,
And His name and fame, were on every tongue
Round the coasts of Galilee.

Then at eventide, up the mountain side,
Alone with God in prayer,
When the storm swept over the little lake,
He knew He was needed there,
For they rowed in vain 'gainst contrary winds
Till the Master said, 'Peace, be still.'
The Disciples knew 'twas the dear Lord then,
For even the seas obeyed His will.

And as I stand, by Niagara's brink,
As the waters rush on in their mad career,
Methinks of the Jordan's swelling tide,
And the river of life as crystal clear,
Of the home over there, with its mansion bright,—
Its jasper walls and streets of gold,
Of the tree of life, the throne, and the Lamb,
Most-wonderful story that ever was told.

And yet, what of that other story of old,
Of Gethsemane and the tree,
Of the upper room, and the traitor's kiss,
And a Saviour's death for me.
With a cry 'It is finished,' redemption's complete,
That story which never grows old
To me 'tis the best, and of all the rest
The most wonderful story that's told.

THOMAS YELLOWLEES.
23 Division street, Toronto, July 23, 1901.

Great Bargains.

Readers of the 'Messenger' who are not now taking the 'Witness' or 'World Wide' would profit greatly by taking advantage of one of our Trial Trip Club Offers, announced on the last page of this paper. The 'Witness' has kept pace with the times and continues to be the standard of responsible journalism in this country. Both the Daily and Weekly 'Witness' have credit throughout Canada for promptness and accuracy in the publishing of news, and for sincerity and independence in the matter of Editorial Comment.

Those that have not taken 'World Wide' will make its acquaintance with great pleasure. The publishers will appreciate the assistance of the 'Messenger' subscribers in making known the interesting offers on the last page. Perhaps some would be so good as to pin them up in conspicuous place in store or office.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Read this list of articles and see if they don't interest you:

WORLD WIDE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901.

CONTENTS OF THIRTY-FOURTH NUMBER.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Future President of Cuba—'Kolnische Zeitung.
Light on Lord Kitchener—Boston 'Herald.'
The Evolution of the Englishman—Condensed from 'New Monthly Review,' London.
A Republican Shorter Catechism—'The Nation.'
The Indian Army—The Scotsman, Edinburgh.
Proclamation to the Boers—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Royal Titles—'The Times,' London.
Mothers and Daughters—'The Pilot.' Extract.
Where does the Responsibility Lie? — 'Public Ledger,' Philadelphia.
Russia—A Benevolent Despotism—By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts, in London 'Daily News.'
The Duke of Orleans at Marienbad—Louis Rouvray, in 'Le Figaro.'
Wanted—A New Order—By Edgar Wallace, in 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Future Bias of Christianity—'The Spectator,' London.
The Bones of a Saint—'The Standard,' London.
Rights and Duties on the Isthmus—New York 'Tribune.'
Disclaiming Responsibility—New York 'Times.'
Losses of Sentiment—'The Nation,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS

The Salon and the Royal Academy of 1901—Condensed from the 'Fortnightly Review.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Verse—'Do Not Fear to Hope.' George MacDonald
The Truth About Popular Literature—G.K.C. in 'The Speaker,' London.
Do Readers Read?—'The Academy.'
Verse—'The Deep Sighing of the Poor' By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in 'The Outlook'
Song—By Thomas Heywood.
Can Character be Modified by Education? If so, to what extent?—By Agnes Dean Cameron, in 'Canada Educational Monthly.'
Of the Eminent Dignity of the Animals—'Journal des Debats,' Paris, Translated.
The Catholic Puritan—By the Rev. George M'Hardy, D.D., in 'The Speaker,' London
Sabbath Observance in Scotland—Professor Wallace, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
Power and Responsibility—By the Rev. W. R. Huntingdon, D.D.

HINTS ON THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Australian Mineral Waters—Selected.
The Uganda Railway—By Howard Hensman. Condensed from 'Pall Mall Magazine.'
Fireproof Paper—'Scientific American.'
Animal Behavior—'Westminster Budget.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

'Another of the Same.'

(J. E. P., in 'Daybreak.')

Dick was feeling very comfortable, for to-night his mother had come up to his room and tucked him in (no nurse, you know, can do it half so well).

But suddenly he thought of the little boy. At first he lay still, thinking how warm and cosy he was, and how cold the floor looked. In a few seconds, however, he was out of bed; and as the moon shone in through the blind you might have seen a little white figure, with his bare knees on the floor, kneeling at the side of his bed. 'God make the little boy happy, and may he know about Jesus.' That was all he said. He paused just a moment, and then jumped back again into bed. It was softer than ever now, for this time God himself smoothed the sheets and covered in the little shoulders. Then the doors were closed and the signals fell, and soon the steady beating of the engine showed that Dick's train had set out for the land of Nod.

I see you want to know who this little boy was for whom Dick was praying. I am afraid that is where the difficulty comes, because—— However, I'll tell you all I know about it.

A missionary had been talking about prayer. He had said that a little boy at home could help the people hundreds of miles away by praying for them. But he said two things which Dick remembered more than all else. First, that you must feel quite sure that God will do what you ask him; and second that you should always be asking him for some special things, and keep to that special prayer.

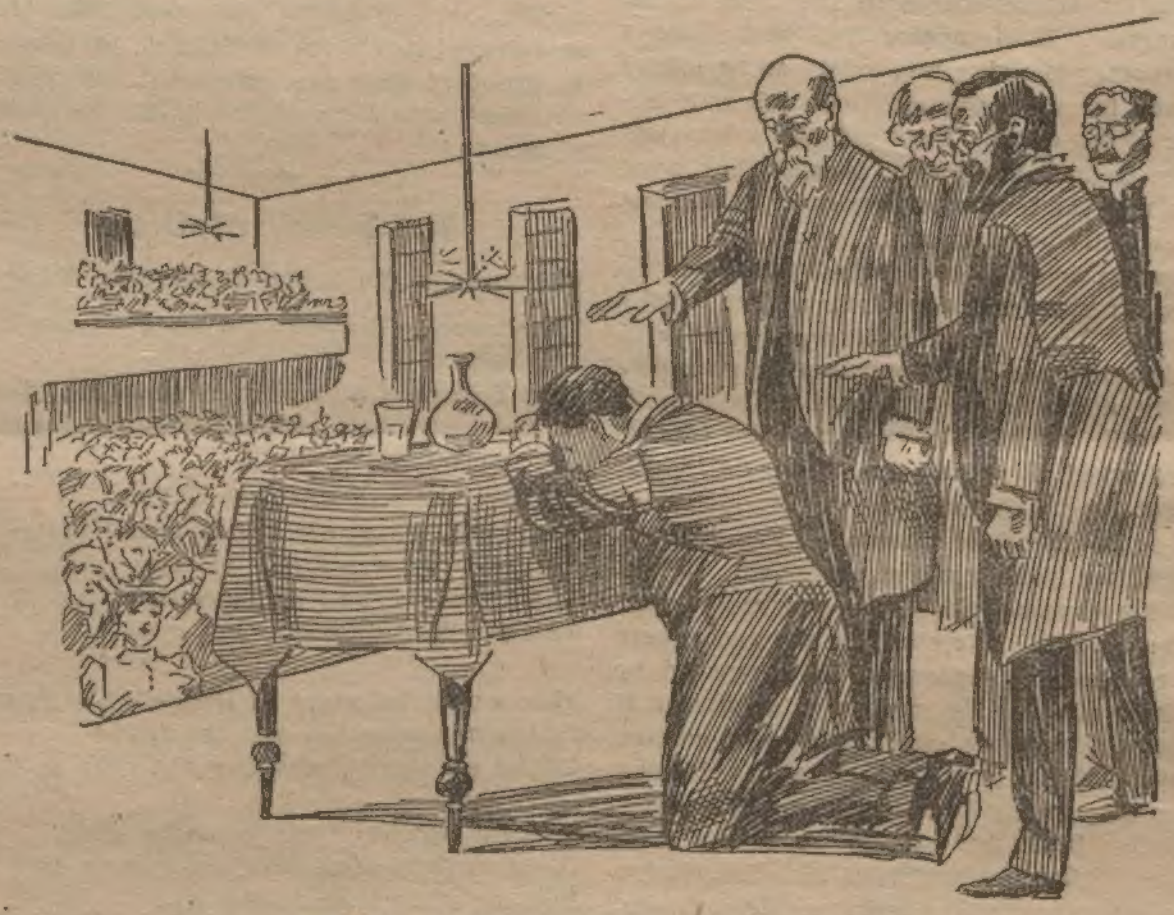
Now, the only thing Dick knew about foreign lands was what he had read in a book of travels (it was on the top of the book-case in the school-room). In this book was a picture of a little boy, perhaps an African or a Red Indian. His head was stuck all over with feathers; he had rings on his arms and round his ankles, and wonderful pictures painted over his body. The missionary had told him how unhappy all heathen were. So every evening Dick went down on his knees and asked God to let this little boy know of Jesus who died to make him happy. And on every birthday evening Dick thought—'Why, he must be getting quite old now. I have been asking God about him for these three years now; he must be twelve now, or thirteen,' and so on. And all the time Dick was growing older, too.

* * * * * *

Some years have now passed; and in a certain church in Ireland, there is to-night a great audience. As we come in and stand at the entrance (there is not a seat to be had anywhere), we hear the speakers talking about 'our young friend's brilliant college career and great gifts,' and we know that we are at an ordination service. Now the young missionary comes forward and kneels down on the platform. As you see him there, he is a grave young man, tall and strong, with fair moustache and curly hair. Wise he looks with all his honors fresh upon him. He is dressed too, as a minister; yet your mind immediately goes back to another evening years ago, when a cold little figure in white knelt in the moonlight at the side of his bed. Yes, the memory is so strong that you startle all the people at the door, as you catch a glimpse of the figure on the platform by calling out suddenly, "That's Dick." Then the Moderator advances, and all the Presbytery place their hands on his head, and Dick is appointed a missionary to India. By this time Dick knew that the people in India were dressed quite plainly. And yet I must confess, that as he knelt there praying to God that he might be able to tell some unhappy people in India the good news of Jesus, through his mind there passed the vision of that same little boy, now a young man, with his head stuck all over with feathers, with rings on his feet, and covered with red paint. So he prayed the prayer of his childhood once again.

* * * * * *

The great vessel is nearing the pier. The people on shore are waving their handkerchiefs, those on the boat are waving their handkerchiefs and their hats and their sticks. Of course you know all about it! You're quite right. Dick turns up again, and as a matter of fact he is standing on the deck waiting to plant his foot for the first time on the land of India. In a few minutes the boat is in, and a minister runs up to him and says, 'Are you the Rev. Richard——?' (Dick is short for Richard, you know.) You may be sure the Rev. Richard—no, I mean Dick—got a tremendous welcome. As they pass through the streets on the way to the mission-house there is plenty to be seen and much to talk about. It is a great feast day. Processions are marching through the streets carrying images of horrible idols, playing noisy instruments, and shouting. At last our new friend says to him, 'I must give you a glimpse of Runchordji's class. He was our first convert, and says that he feels as if there had been someone behind him all his life



"THE MODERATOR ADVANCES."

pushing him on to leave his idols and become a Christian ; that he felt afraid of his friends persecuting him and making fun of him, many a time, and so held back. But still, he says, this invisible person kept behind him, pushing him on till at last he did come out as a Christian.'

As they talk the missionary opens a door and Dick steps inside. Among a class of children stands a tall young native with an open Bible in his hand. He, too, was dressed in black ; he had no feathers in his hair or rings on his feet, and no red pictures could be seen on his face, and hands. Yet, Dick, hardly pausing a moment, steps up to him and, holding out his hand, says, 'So here you are at last.' The two men gaze at each other for a minute. Through the open door come the shouts of the heathen mob and a cry of wailing as they call, 'O Ram, hear us!' A party of Christian girls pass in from the street, and as they close the door, in sweet children's voices the hymn rises,

'Jesus loves me, this I know.'

Then the young man said, with a happy smile, as he clasped again Dick's hand, 'So it has been you who have been pushing me in here all the time. I'm so glad you kept on for so many years; I can never thank you enough.' Then kneeling down they both thanked God together.

The Beach Picnic.

Bertie looked over the back-yard fence with his face all aglow with smiles, and there was Pearl sitting in a disconsolate bunch under the apple tree, with her face all streaky with tears.

'Why, what's the matter?' said Bertie.

As soon as Pearl could control her feelings sufficiently to answer she said:

'I have to stay all alone to-day, except for Maggie, and she never talks to me. Mamma and papa are going away for all day, Bertie —just think of it!—and they are not going to take me.'

'I'll stay with you,' said Bertie, bravely.

'O, do you s'pose you can stay all day, and for lunch and everything?' cried Pearl, anxiously.

'I'll ask my mother,' said Bertie, and vanished.

Bertie's mother said 'Yes,' and Pearl's mother said she would be very glad to have Bertie come and keep her lonely little girl company.

So Bertie went upstairs to select his most amusing games. From the window he saw Pearl's mother and father drive away ; and who was that coming up the road in a smart dog-cart ? It stopped in front of the house, Bertie flew downstairs and met Uncle George at the front door.

'Hello, youngster!' he said, 'I wonder if you know of a boy that would like to go down to the beach to spend the day. I've got Star and the dog-cart out here all ready.'

'O Uncle George, I want to go! May I, please, mother?' But as he turned round to his mother he remembered. His face grew very sober. 'I can't go, Uncle George,' he said.

'Why not?' said Uncle George, in surprise.

'Because I promised to stay with Pearl.'

'That's my little man,' said mother, smiling. 'Never break a promise for any pleasure.'

Then Bertie swallowed the lump coming up in his throat, and smiled too.

Uncle George stayed a few minutes later; and then drove away alone, and Bertie put his games under his arm and went away to Pearl's house. They sat on the piazza and played games; then they swung in the hammock, and afterward built a fort in the sandpile. The cook had the nicest kind of a little lunch ready for them. Then they had the whole afternoon to look at Pearl's books, and to play the most delightful romping games on the big lawn. And all this time Bertie, like the true little gentleman he was, never said a word about the pleasure he had given up to stay with Pearl.

When Pearl's father and mother returned, he packed up his games and said good-by with a smiling face; he was a trifle sober during the supper-hour, but that was all.

It was about a week later, that Aunt Lulu, Uncle George's sister, drove up to the gate in the same dear little dog-cart. There was a great suggestive picnic-basket in the cart.

'Bertie,' she said to the little boy who raced down to the gate to meet her, 'your Uncle George and I are going to have a picnic on the beach to-day, and we would like to have you come too. And do you think your little neighbor Pearl would like to go with us?'

How Bertie rushed off to ask his mother, and to find Pearl and ask her mother! Those two children hurried so, that in less than half an hour they were on their way to the beach. And the picnic—the romp with Uncle George, Aunt Lulu's stories, the delightful lunch, the wonderful shells they found—in short, there never was such a picnic before, and never can be another one unless it is exactly like it. —Zella M. Walters, in the 'Christian Standard.'

Naming the Baby.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby. A Hindu baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns brightest is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three belonging always to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest determines the name of the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five strips of paper, these they place in the Koran. The name upon the slip first drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses a name by which the child is afterwards called.

The Chinese give their babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls that, if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl, how many children he has, he will always reply, 'Only one child.'—Detroit 'Free Press.'

LESSON XI.—September 15.

Jacob, a Prince with God.

Genesis xxxii., 1-32. Memory verses 24-28.

Golden Text.

'Men ought always to pray and not to faint.'—Luke xviii., 1.

Lesson Text.

(9) And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee. (10) I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. (11) Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. (12) And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude. (24) And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. (25) And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. (26) And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.' And he said, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' (27) And he said unto his, 'What is thy name?' And he said, Jacob. (28) And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. (29) And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. (30) And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. (31) And as he passed over Penuel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh. (32) Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day: because he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in the sinew that shrank.

Suggestions.

Twenty years had passed since Jacob had made a covenant with the Lord God at Bethel, and seen the ladder stretching up from earth to heaven. During all that time God had kept his promise to Jacob, providing for all his needs, building up his family and increasing him greatly in possessions. But Jacob had not been very true to God, he still retained his old character of supplanter and trickster. When God appeared again to Jacob in a vision he reminded him that he was the God who had spoken to him at Bethel and commanded him to return to that land which he had promised him as an inheritance.

Jacob had been working for his father-in-law to earn his wives and his other possessions and he was rather afraid to tell his father-in-law, Laban, that he was going home. So when Laban went away to shear his sheep, Jacob gathered all his household and all his possessions together and hastily set out on his journey. When Laban heard that they had gone he pursued after them intending to punish Jacob and to bring back his children. But God spoke to Laban in a dream and bade him not to quarrel with Jacob.

The next morning, Laban overtook Jacob, and, after some discussion, agreed to make a covenant of friendship with him. They set up a heap of stones as a witness to their covenant and called it Galeed, which means the witness heap, and Mizpah, which means a beacon or watchtower. Jacob offered sacrifices to God at Mizpah and confirmed the covenant of friendship with his relatives, and when they had departed, he went on his way and met the angels of God.

When Jacob came near to Edom, the country of his brother, Esau, he sent messengers to Esau trying to make peace, but the messengers soon returned to say that Esau was coming to meet his brother with four hundred armed men. Then Jacob was much afraid and divided his people and cattle into two bands, saying that if one was smitten then the other could surely escape. Then Jacob prayed, humbly reminding God of his covenant and asking him because of that covenant to protect him from the anger of Esau. Anxious to propitiate his brother as far as possible, he prepared a great present of cattle and sheep and camels, and sent them ahead to meet his brother. Jacob sent his household across the brook Jabbok, and he remained alone in agony of soul, fearing the long dark night and the morrow that might bring the utter destruction of all that he held dear.

Jacob was left alone, alone with his miserable forebodings, alone with his guilty conscience, alone with himself, yet not alone, for God himself came to him and wrestled with him till dawn. Jacob did not wrestle with God in prayer, it was God wrestling with him to show him his sins and his sinful nature. Jacob could not justify himself though he tried hard to prove his own righteousness and strength, finally God simply touched a sinew, a nerve in Jacob's body, and Jacob fell helpless into the arms of God. Then Jacob confessed his utter weakness and sinfulness, his very confession of his name was a turning away from the sin and guile it had stood for. And God changed his name from Jacob the Supplanter to Israel, a prince of God, because by his yielding to God and confessing his sin he had become mighty with the Lord, who can do all things through a yielded soul. Jacob's strength with God was his yieldedness. He could have no power until he surrendered. God can not give power to rebels, but when a soul yields itself, when a man yields his will to God, when a man chooses to obey God and to ally himself with him, God can do mighty works through that man. It is not a question of feelings, it is a question of deliberate choice. Conversion is the turning away from sin, toward God, but God does the work if only we are willing to have him. If we choose to obey God and to believe in Jesus Christ our Saviour, it does not matter what our feelings are, God will save us because the Lord Jesus bore our sins in his own body on the tree. (I. Peter ii., 24: Rom. v., 6-11). Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

Jacob chose to obey God and God changed his nature and his name, calling him Israel, a prince of God. The next morning, Jacob and Esau met, but the Lord God had touched Esau's heart and he met his brother kindly. Jacob was not made perfect in a day, he made many mistakes, but from that time he tried to honor God and God honored him according to his covenant.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Sept. 15.—Topic—True honor. John v., 41-44.

Junior C. E. Topic.

YOUTHFUL SUCCESS.

Mon., Sept. 9.—First steps—Matt. vi., 33.

Tues., Sept. 10.—Godliness profiteth. I. Tim. iv., 8.

Wed., Sept. 11.—Following the good. I. Thess. v., 15.

Thu., Sept. 12.—Conditions of success.—Ps. vii., 1-9.

Fri., Sept. 13.—A successful young man.—I. Kings iv., 29-30; x., 14-15.

Sat., Sept. 14.—Spiritual success.Jas. i., 12; Rev. vii., 14.

Sun., Sept. 15.—Topic—Young people that rise in the world.—Gen. xli., 38-46.

A Good Example.

The late Dean Hook used to tell the following story:—'I had in my parish in Leeds a man who earned 18 shillings a week; out of this he used to give his wife seven shillings for housekeeping and spent the rest in drink. I went to him and said:—"Now, suppose we abstain together for six months?" "Will you, if I do?" was the rejoinder. "Yes," I said, "I will." "What," said he, "from beer, wine and spirits?" "Yes." "And how shall I know you have kept your promise?" "Why, you ask my missus and I'll ask yours." It was agreed and now he is a happy and prosperous man of business in St. Petersburg, and I am Dean of Chichester.'

Experientia Docet

(Founded on Fact.)

'No, Arthur, it is no use you arguing with me; I will never make myself such a slave as to deny myself the gratification of a single indulgence, which, if properly used, will do no man any harm.'

'Then you positively refuse to come over to those who wish to redeem the world from one of its worst enemies?'

'Don't talk nonsense! All this excess in drinking will be abolished when men are taught to live decently, when they have proper food, and are able to breathe the pure air God has given them.'

'Excuse me giving you my emphatic opinion, derived from experience, wherever the drink exists, no matter what the surroundings, there you will find men changed into the image of beasts; the love of alcohol so degrades the drinker that all that is beautiful and good is lost upon him.'

This was the conversation recently heard on the deck of the 'Lady H——,' as the steamer ploughed its way round the coast, on its road to Dublin.

Arthur Greenfield and Edwin Leathwaite were bosom friends; between these two there existed a deep affection; for, though Arthur loved to show his affection, Edwin, apparently cold and indifferent, was not void of feeling, and though he would not admit that he had any feelings akin to love, he appreciated highly the fact that he was loved by his friend.

'I tell you what it is, Arthur,' said Edwin. 'You are quite gone on this crank of yours about total abstinence. You seem to think that all the wickedness in the world is to be attributed to the drinking of a simple glass of beer. You forget that overcrowding, want of education, the disgusting surroundings of life, are the friends of drunkenness. Let men have more breathing space, let them come out on the broad sea, and watch the wonders of the deep, then their minds will be turned to higher thoughts and nobler aims.'

'Your opinion, Edwin, I, of course, respect, but 'experientia docet.' I should not wonder if you do not have a little experience yourself this very evening which may serve to open your eyes.'

'Nonsense! It is absolutely impossible that anyone should be the slave of alcohol here, surrounded as we are with all the glories of nature.'

Arthur put his arm lovingly into that of his friend, and for a few minutes they walked up and down silently, contemplating the scene around them, and busy with their own thoughts; they were on the windward side, and consequently had all the deck to themselves.

It was, indeed, a glorious night! The 'Lady H——' was steaming along at least fifteen knots an hour; she moved so majestically, that walking on the deck was a pleasure, while every step seemed to put more power into the weary muscles and the jaded brain. The heavens were alive with many brilliant orbs; Charles's Wain was distinctly visible, the North Star was surrounded by a galaxy of beauty, and the milky way looked as clear as if its millions of stars were all separate and distinct.

Shoals of fish were visible by the beauty of their phosphorescence, while single fish, disturbed by the boat, shone like diamonds in the foam; the breezes sang in the rigging. There was such an air of independence, that these two young hearts, so dissimilar in many respects, could hardly speak, so intense were the thoughts that crowded upon them at this moment.

They were passing the Needles. The lighthouses sent forth their warning rays, exhibiting in clear outline the treacherous rocks, and calling to memory many tragic shipwrecks, when mighty ships, deceived by fog, or tossed about by wind and waves, had gone down to the depths below, with many a gallant soul on board.

'Heaven help those who are cast upon the waters near those demons of the sea,' said Edwin, shuddering as the thought of shipwreck crossed his mind.

'And,' replied Arthur, 'if we must have rocks and perils on the sea, I say Heaven bless the men who have given us the warning light, and have taught men how to steer out of danger's way.'

'I often wonder,' interrupted Edwin, 'why there are rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools, and fierce winds. Why can't we make our journey without the possibility of meeting with these dangers? Why—oh, why is life such a struggle?'

'You might add,' said Arthur, 'why are there passions in the human heart that have to be met, and strong temptations to be conquered; why are there enemies within and without, the presence of whom can only be known to the man who is struggling to overcome them? Much of this temptation is undoubtedly of man's own making; we weave the net ourselves by which we are caught; we sharpen the sword which is to cut us down and leave us helpless on the battlefield.'

'You only speak half the truth, Arthur. Man is the creature of his own surroundings; what he is in physique or moral training is often what his parents or his grandparents have bestowed upon him. The drunkard, the thief, the liar, are often so, because such defects have been stamped upon him at birth, or have grown upon him by force of example, which he instinctively imitates.'

'That such is not always the case is shown by the fact that some of the noblest characters in history have reached the pinnacle of their fame by killing the evil tendencies in their own hearts, by seeking that divine help which has made them superior to their environment; they are as gold out of the hard rock, as the diamond transformed from the coal. Gough, the drunkard, becomes the world's greatest champion against intemperance; Stephenson was superior to all the hindrances of ignorance, and poverty, and rose from the cowherd at twopence a day to be one of the world's greatest engineers, and a man whom kings delighted to honor.'

So they talked, and their conversation might have continued for a much longer period had not the wind become suddenly colder, and forced them to beat a retreat to the cabin.

It was Sunday night, and Arthur's thoughts had constantly gone back to the little mission hall where he worked. He could not help feeling a little ashamed that the day should have passed without any public recognition of the Lord's Day; but he little anticipated what was in store for him in the cabin.

The cabin for second-class passengers was not a very enticing apartment. At the best of times, there was little light and not much air; the dingy appearance of the place did not give one an appetite for the rough meals served at irregular hours. Besides, it was the public bar for the forepart of the vessel, and was more of a public-house than a cabin. But perhaps all this might have been patiently endured had there been any desire to preserve order and common decency on the sacred day.

On this occasion a number of young fellows had taken possession of the place, and, as one of them expressed himself, they were determined to 'enjoy themselves.'

One of these bright lights brought an English concertina, and another a pair of bones, and with the sounds put forth by these not over-musical instruments, the revelry of the evening was led. Several of the revellers were quite intoxicated; others had certainly passed the bounds of sobriety; not a thought was expressed on that Sunday evening in harmony with the feelings that filled Arthur's heart.

He stood aghast as he listened to the songs, many of them with indecent double meanings, and to the coarse ribaldry with which these young fellows polluted their lips. He could only imagine such scenes possible in the tap-room of the lowest pot-house at a Saturday free-and-easy.

Edwin had very little respect for Sunday, but he turned away in disgust, and the two friends mounted the deck once more.

'What do you think now, "mon ami?"' asked Arthur. 'You have seen these young fellows in the cabin; they have all the advantages that you think men ought to enjoy, to foster goodness in the character of men. They have comfortable homes, good clothing, they are fairly well-educated, and surely here they have plenty of fresh air?'

'I must admit, of course, all that you say, Arthur,' answered Edwin a little crestfallen. 'I am ashamed that these fellows seem to have no souls above the brutes; they seem to be incapable of appreciating any of the works of nature around them. What can be done to turn them to brighter and more ennobling thoughts?'

'There is only one possible suggestion, Edwin,' replied his friend. 'We must teach these young fellows that the enjoyments of life do not consist in the drinking of intoxicating liquors. I ask you to tell me frankly that such scenes could occur if the bar were closed. Is not the drink the chief, if not the sole, cause of all this riot?'

'Well, if you put it in that plain way, I must answer yes. No doubt these men have never had, or have lost, the eyes that see beauty in a flower or majesty in a star. Perhaps if they had not had such a love for alcohol, they might have cultivated a better taste.'

'There is no "perhaps" in the matter, Edwin, and you know it well. We may give educational advantages; we may improve the status of men; but it will be of no avail while they cherish the love of alcohol. The only safe way is total abstinence.'

Edwin would not admit it. He never would admit anything in favor of total abstinence, but when he went back to the cabin at ten o'clock, and had to spend two hours in the riot before he could close his eyes, he became convinced that, for some people at least, total abstinence was an absolute necessity.—'Temperance Record.'

War on the Cigarette.

'Drop that cigarette, Mr. Gould,' exclaimed E. H. Harriman, chairman of the executive meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railway a few days ago. He was speaking to George J. Gould, director of the company.

Mr. Gould looked astounded. He glanced out of the window of the company's office to see if the world had come to an end.

'I mean it,' said Mr. Harriman, severely, 'I have just issued an order prohibiting cigarette smoking by any employee of the Union Pacific Railway. You are an employee of the company—you get $10 every time you come here. So kindly put away that cigarette.'

Millionnaire Gould recovered from the state of daze into which he had been thrown. Then he slowly dropped his cigarette.

Then Mr. Harriman, who objects to smoking of any kind, announced that he thought men should not be directors in companies and make rules for others if they cannot obey those rules themselves.

Just then millionnaire Jacob H. Schiff, another director, came puffing at a big cigar.

Mr. Harriman made him throw it away.

'No smoking on Union Pacific premises,' he said, 'by employees of the company.'

'Who's an employee of the company?' Mr. Schiff demanded.

'You are,' Director Harriman said. 'Don't you get $10 every time you attend a meeting?'

The meeting was completed without tobacco. Each director as he came in was ordered to drop his cigar, if he had one. The directors took the order good-naturedly, and promised to obey it faithfully at all future gatherings.

The anti-cigarette rule affects thousands of men. It has been found necessary by the Union Pacific Railway because cigarette users in its employ become 'dopey' and worthless. Director Harriman said recently that the company might just as well go to the county lunatic asylum for its employees as to retain cigarette smokers in its employ at big salaries.

What do the young fellows who puff cigars and cigarettes, or smoke filthy pipes, think of the evidence furnished by the authorities of this great railway system? They are far removed from sentiment and mere prejudice. They are against the deadly weed because it is against the health, reliability, and usefulness of their employees.—'Epworth Herald.'

Drink, like death, makes all men equal. The most brilliant scientist and scholar is one with the drunken beggar, when the drink habit has fastened its claws upon him.

An English inspector of poor-houses for twenty-two years, is quoted by the Hon. T. N. Russell, M.P., saying that during all his experience he has never met with a teetotaler in an English workhouse.

Correspondence

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, the Laidlaw Mission. I live on James sd., and you have to go up two or three flights of steps to get to our place. It is up high, but you can see the mountain and everything so nice. I guess I will close now. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, Nov. 26.

ETHEL R. (Aged 14).

Amherst, N. S.

Dear Editor,—Our school has closed for holidays. We have seven weeks' holidays. I led the room from the first grade into the second and got the prize. The prize was a nice book. I have no pets living; I had a kitten, but it is dead. I have three sisters and one brother. My birthday is on March 8.

MILDRED H. (Aged 8).

Lawrence Sta.

Dear Editor,—Not seeing any letters from this way I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sabbath-school every Sunday, and like it very well, especially the Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence. I go to school just about every day when there is school. I am in the second reader. My day school teacher's name is Mr. Chapman, and my Sabbath-school teacher's name is Miss McLachlin. The school is about three miles from here so we have a pony to drive. We leave her at the village. For pets, I have two cats, called 'Kitty' and 'Minto,' and a dog called 'Jeff.' I will be nine years old on Nov. 4. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine.

JEAN.

Mapleton, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have tried to write to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers, their names are Lew and Stevie. I have one pet kitty. My birthday comes on the same day of the month as S. H. C.'s does, May 11. Our minister's name is Mr. Whitman. I live near the brook and often go fishing. I have a muskrat trap and go trapping.

W. R. B. (Aged 10).

Westchester Station, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have not taken the 'Messenger' quite a year, but I like it very much and I like to read the Correspondence best of all. My father is a minister, and I live two or three steps from the church. I go to Sunday-school every day when I am well. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on Feb. 26. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' last week from this place. I go to school every day when we have school.

WINIFRED A.

Brandon, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm but I have no pets. I live three-quarters of a mile from the school. My teacher's name is Miss Minaker. I am in the fourth reader. I go to Sunday-school and my teacher's name is Miss Bell. We have about a hundred acres of wheat. I have two grandmas, one aged 84, and the other aged 67. I have also a great-grandma, aged 89. I have one brother, called Willie, he is six years old.

ETHEL B. (Aged 10).

Three Lakes.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. We have a little deer and he has lots of spots on him, and we call him Spottie. We have three calves, their names are Rosy, Tilly and Ettie; one horse, and his name is Jim; four cattle, their names are Bulley, Nellie, Dandy and Bobs. I am eleven years old. My birthday is Jan. 11.

EMMA R. P.

Cherrywood.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old. I have not seen any letters from Cherrywood, only my sister's letter. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' three years and like it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers; their names are Leonard, Willmot, Vernah, and Emily. My sister Vernah and my two brothers go to school. My little sister, Emily, goes to Sunday-school with me. My little sister has a kitten; she calls it Tiny. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Taylor.

DELLA G. (Aged 12).

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